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A PAPER READ BEFORE THE FELLOWS OF THE  
ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

"For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face."

K. RICH. III., v., 3.

"Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder."

I. K. HEN. VI., iv.

BY

SYDNEY ROBJOHNS,

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WE commonly speak of America as "the New World," and deem its grand scenery a negative illustration of the truth that human association is an essential quality in our enjoyment of natural loveliness. And the fact that we discover Longfellow at Bruges, Washington Irving "within bounds" at the Charterhouse, Motley at Dresden, and Prescott at Madrid, gives colour to this impression of prevailing novelty. But for all that, the threads of history are woven rapidly on that continent as elsewhere, and the tapestry record—the warp and woof of life—is unfolded, with its enigmas and its dramatic characters and situations, for the student's unravelling or enjoyment. There is in that New World an aristocracy that is *not parvenu*, and territory that is *not* lacking in the venerable qualities of a grand history. The discovery of the St. Lawrence river by Jacques Cartier, the counterpart in feature and in energy of our own Sir Francis Drake, his sojourn at the Indian villages of Stadacona and Hochelaga, the modern Quebec and Montreal, and his erection of a huge cross instead of an ensign on the shores of Gaspé, in claiming the future New France for Christ and the king, are as much an old-time story as that of the Spanish Armada and the game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe. From the Atlantic to the Ohio, and from Virginia to the great lakes, the land is rich in history and fruitful of romance. The exile from Grandpré and Port Royal, and the scattering of the Acadian families over the States of Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, and Virginia, are full of heart-break to us who read the story even now, whether we gather it from the page of history or from the poetic setting of "Evangeline"; and the associations of



Forefathers Rock and the Puritan graveyard, "beautiful for situation," at New Plymouth, together with the quaint laws and customs which prevailed in that new England town, must be of interest to English-speaking people the wide world over.

In grandeur of situation, in antiquity, and in romantic association, the city of Quebec is almost without a rival on the North American continent. It was, as noted above, originally named Stadacona, an Indian word signifying the wing of a bird. After the discovery of the continent by Columbus in 1492, and by Amerigo Vespucci in 1507, there was a disposition on the part of the French to enter the country for the twofold purpose of settling it and evangelizing the natives; and among the pioneers in the work was Jacques Cartier, a mariner of St. Malo, who received a commission from the king, Francis I., and with two little ships and 120 men entered on a new and magnificent field of discovery. He made three or four voyages, pushing his way as far as the modern city of Montreal, and established stations for the promotion of the "pelfry," that is, the fur trade. Intercourse with the Indians was fostered and maintained to the period of the founding of the city of Quebec in 1608, by Samuel de Champlain, and the organization of a Trading Company, to which was attached a small band of missionaries. That Champlain's heart was as much in the religious as in the commercial enterprise is apparent in a saying of his, namely, — "*La salut d'une seule âme vaut mieux que la conquête d'un empire.*" His expedition was accompanied by four Recollets (Franciscan friars), and so early after the founding of the city as 1615, a conference was held there to establish regular worship and organize evangelical effort; and one of the Recollets, Joseph de Caron, was deputed to go into the interior as a missionary. In connection with this interesting feature the recent death is noteworthy of John Sunday, an Ojibway chief, who for forty years was a Methodist missionary among his own tribe, and was once presented to Queen Victoria, the present sovereign of his people. The foundation of the city was subsequent by only a few years to that of Jamestown,



an English settlement on the Potomac and St. Augustine, a Jesuit settlement in Florida ; and was prior to the foundation of Manhattan (New York) and Albany by the Dutch, and the colonization of Massachusetts by the Puritans.

The word Quebec is erroneously supposed to have been suggested by the cry of Norman mariners as they approached the promontory, "Quel bec !" but it is more correctly traced to the word Kebbek, in the Algonquin tongue, signifying a contraction of the waters by points of land.

The official position held by Champlain was that of a governor rather than a factor ; but in the course of his long Canadian career many changes were effected in his status, and in 1620 he was confirmed Lieutenant-Governor, under the honorary Viceroyalty of the Duke de Montmorency, the godson of Henry IV., to whom the rank had been surrendered by Prince Henry de Condé, and royal letters were issued to Champlain by the King Louis XIII. In that year he returned to his post on the St. Lawrence, accompanied by his amiable wife, many of his relations, and some emigrants. The advent of Madame Champlain was an epoch in the history of Canada. She was the first lady to set foot in the colony. The daughter of a Huguenot, M. Boullé, who was private secretary to Henry IV., she was accomplished, of great ability in adapting herself to circumstances, and though conformed to the religious faith of her husband, which was almost as extreme in its exclusiveness as that of the Duke of Guise's "League," she was eminently pious and desirous for the true spiritual well-being of the heathen by whom she was surrounded. She learnt the language, and beginning at the right end, undertook the instruction of the Indian children. The poetic tendency of the superstition of the people, the fact that a mirror was an article of a lady's "châtelaine," and Madame Champlain's loveliness of character gave currency to the conceit that she carried the likeness of each one of them in her heart. It was at this time that preparation was made for the erection of religious houses, more settled quarters for the French residents, and for a fort, which was thereafter named the Fort

St. Louis, the residence and official head-quarters of many governors, and the name of which His Excellency the Earl Dufferin would fain revive in a vice-regal residence on the brow of the American Gibraltar. About this time also two rival companies, which had obtained patents for the prosecution of the pelfry trade, were amalgamated under the title of "The Company of Montmorency." The progress of the new settlement was slow; and in 1624, when Champlain returned to France, accompanied by his wife, there were but fifty souls left in Quebec, and these were menaced by the Iroquois and subjected to much privation. Madame Champlain remained in France during the rest of her life, and on the death of her husband in 1635 retired to an Ursuline convent she had formed, and within that sanctuary died in 1654. In 1626 Champlain was again in Quebec, and two years later received a summons from Sir David Kirkt, the English admiral, to surrender the fortress. With this he refused to comply, but finally, too weak to resist, he surrendered to the admiral's brothers, Louis and Thomas Kirkt, and for three years the English held the command of the St. Lawrence. Champlain was sent to England and thence to France, but he had in his wisdom made provision for those of his countrymen left in Quebec. He obtained from the English commanders an engagement to leave the mission-houses and the house of the widow Hebert and her son-in-law, M. Couillard, undisturbed. This woman was the relict of Louis Hebert, whose name is notable in Canadian history from the accident of his being *the first emigrant* to that colony. He died shortly before the arrival of Sir David Kirkt, having established a prosperous homestead, and left his widow and daughter, in the event of not being disturbed in possession of the property, with a comparative competence. On the restoration of the colony to France, Richelieu, the superb cardinal, instituted "The Company of the One Hundred Associates," a company not unlike that of the late East India Company, and one with which lay practically the government of the vast region embraced by the fur trade. That trade was exceedingly

valuable, realizing in one year, just immediately previous to Champlain's return after the evacuation of Quebec by the English, the vast sum of 8,000 pounds in money of that period, and it was important that the jealousy with which the English were regarded in relation to it should be impressed on the natives in favour of the French. At a great gathering of the Hurons, 500 of whom had come down in 150 birch-bark canoes to dispose of their furs, Champlain did all in his power to conciliate the Indians generally, and to induce their action in ousting the English in the pelfry traffic. In after years the tradition of French policy in conciliating the natives was a source of difficulty up to the time when Pitt ventured to trust to the neutrality of the Iroquois. The speech of a chief indicates at once Champlain's influence over the Indians and his moral rectitude. The chief said, "We entirely love you. All you say is true."

On Christmas Day, 1635, Champlain, the great, the good and the enterprising, died, and his body was laid under an edifice designated "Champlain's Chapel." The site of the grave was unknown up to 1860, two centuries and a quarter after his decease, when a vault containing a coffin and human bones was discovered in excavating for new waterworks, and evidence strongly favoured the conclusion that that was the place of sepulture of the distinguished founder of the city.

Shortly before Champlain's death, the Jesuits, to whom Champlain was attached, and to whom he left his Canadian possessions, had displaced the gentle Franciscans, and in 1637 the College of Quebec was founded by one of their order, Remé de Rohaut, a priest, and a son of the Marquis de Gamanche. To the work the founder contributed the munificent sum of 36,000 livres. "The Jesuit Relations" are the record simply of the work of the brotherhood of Jesus in the colony, but they are also valuable sources of collateral historic information on the subject of the early days of New France, and of the hardship and peril endured by the first European settlers.

The second Governor of Quebec was Montmagny, whom the Indians, in their symbolic language, named Ononthio, that

is, "mountain;" and the king, his master, was to them "the great mountain," a physical idea of power suggesting to one's mind the expression of "the everlasting hills." He was a great and good man, and his administration was included in what is designated "the heroic period of New France." During his term of office an institution for the benefit of converted Algonquins was founded at Sillery, so named from the founder, a Knight of Malta, who had left the dissipation of the world and assumed the cowl of a priest: the hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, was established by a French duchess, one Madame d'Aiguillon, and an Ursuline school was opened for the instruction of French and Indian female children. The last was founded by Madame de la Peltrie, who herself undertook the then dangerous and arduous voyage of the Atlantic, taking with her three nurses for the Hôtel Dieu, and three Ursuline sisters as teachers for the convent.

The Indians were continually a source of anxiety. A treaty was proposed to Montmagny by the Iroquois that he should give up to their mercy, that was, withdraw his protection from the Hurons and the Algonquins. Montmagny's sense of justice as well as his perception of what was politic prevented his sanction of such a proposal, but it was not in the power of the Europeans to preserve the distinct nationality of either. Harassed by the Iroquois continually, they were scattered over the northern continent and lost as distinct tribes. A few Huron fugitives settled on the island of Orleans. In the time of the Governor Tracy these were removed for greater security to St. Foye, or Foix, and later formed the settlement of "Old Lorette," and in 1700 that of "New Lorette," seven miles from Quebec, where they yet remain. The writer of this paper has in his possession photographs of some ladies of a chief's family at Lorette, and the beauty and evident intelligence of one or two of them indicate that they must have come of a magnificent race, or that two centuries of civilization has had the effect of developing the individual excellence in inverse ratio to the decline of the nationality.

The successive governors during "the heroic period," that



between 1636 and 1663, were Montmagny, D'Aillebout, De Lausons, D'Argenson, D'Avaugour, and De Mesy ; and the characteristic feature of their administration was the hostility of the Iroquois to the French occupation. During the term of office of Baron D'Argenson an embarrassment arose on the arrival of a distinguished Jesuit, M. de Laval, who had been appointed apostolic vicar, with the episcopal rank of Bishop of Petræa. The Governor was a blunt, well-meaning old soldier, the ecclesiastic a refined, acute, and polished scholar ; and the question between them was primarily one of Church and State, De Laval claiming official precedence. But there was another difficulty at issue, in which the bishop was undoubtedly in the right, that of the traffic in intoxicating liquor among the Indians—a difficulty fairly met of late years in Canada by making the supply of liquor to Indians, by any means whatever, a legal offence. The effect of spirit on these primitive people is terribly maddening ; and it was well that the Church made an early stand against the traffic. At a period when the colony was on the brink of ruin, a conference at Quebec with some of the Iroquois—Onondagas and Cayugas—who came with a flag of truce, some French prisoners, and a request for missionaries, initiated a more peaceable and prosperous season. The inhabitants held a meeting, and one, Simon le Moyne, a respected name in Quebec to this day under the form of Le Moine, “had the honour to be called upon to expose his life.” The peacemaker was a chief named Garakouthie, and the pledge he gave was faithfully maintained. Other tribes of “the Five Nations,” the Mohawks and Oneidas, were troublesome, not feeling themselves bound by the treaty of the Onondagas and Cayugas ; but the arrival of regular troops and emigrants from France, combined with poverty and the ravages of small-pox among the Indians, afforded a long respite to the little European community. The settled part of the colony was divided into parishes, and a seminary was instituted at Quebec for the training of youths for holy orders, and to furnish *curés* for the parishes.

In 1663, Louis XIV.—finding the “One Hundred Associates” unequal as a company to administer the government—constituted in Canada, as Queen Victoria did within late years in India, a royal government; and from that time forward for a hundred years the history is more of Canada and less of Quebec. The new constitution consisted of a supreme Council, including a Governor, Bishop, Royal Intendant, Attorney-General, Chief Clerk, and Councillors. The Governor was the representative of the king, and directed all military and external affairs, while the Intendant was a domestic official having charge of police, finance, and the administration of justice. That year, 1663, was one of remarkable phenomena. Earthquakes were frequent, and there was an almost total eclipse of the sun; but the most startling occurrences were the appearance over Quebec of a globe of fire, which illumined the place at night as with the light of day, and of two mock suns with crowns of vaporous matter. To the red men these were portents of evil; and they might have been so deemed by the Europeans could they have foreseen the evil days which were to follow. Through the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. the colony of New France increasingly reflected the gaiety and luxury of the court at Versailles, until, 100 years from the appearance of the signs in the heavens over the city of Quebec, the French *régime* came to an end under the Treaty of Paris in 1763.

A great event in the history of Imperial Britain was the capture of the ancient fortress of Quebec. It marked an era in British America, and was of momentous import to the Gallic settler, the Anglo-Saxon colonist, and to the dusky native from the Atlantic to the Ohio river.

Wandering over the rich pastures and among the fruitful orchards which crown the hills commanding the Alleghany river between Pittsburg and Oil City, a few years ago, I met a young farmer on horseback. The trappings of the horse seemed incongruous with the plain homespun attire of the rider. The bridle was a cavalry one, and, though not as bright and clean as that of a life-guardsman, it gave to the



horse's fine head the martial appearance which is much more attractive than the simple ordinary equestrian head-gear. The saddle also was a military one, and the rider's feet rested in slipper stirrups like an Arab's, but with the leather well over the front of the irons to protect the feet from entanglement in going through brushwood. The youth had served in the recently preceding war, with the army of the Potomac.

Descending the precipitous hillside to the river valley, there was spread out before me a scene of exceeding loveliness. A turn in the rough pathway commanded through an opening in the trees—an opening like that of a gateway in a Devonshire lane—a broad reach of the placid river. Far off, over the fields and the woodlands of the opposite shore, the sun was descending in the cloudless glory so common in America but so rare in the moister atmosphere of the sea-girt islands of Britain; and the clear, smooth and mirror-like water duplicated the pale green, rosy yellow and the deep crimson of the sky, but softened the beauty which it could not perfectly reflect. Along the eastern shore the trees, gorgeous in their autumnal tints, lent their bright hues to the river, save in the darker recesses of the bank, where the shadows were purple, grey, or deep sienna.

The scene is a type of the wealth and beauty of the State of Pennsylvania and its sister States of Virginia and Ohio—a type of the paradise which God left them.

The horseman, plucking an apple as he rides along a lane among the orchards, represents an historic fact—to wit, that this tract of country, in virtue of its being the portal of the great West, has been, from the earliest European occupation of the Continent, a theatre of war; and the city standing at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers—Pittsburg, the manufacturing metropolis of the United States—is the memorial of the English statesman under whose administration both the key of the east and the portal of the west were won for Britain and the British.

The eighteenth century was pre-eminently a period “of

wars and of rumours of wars." In Europe, India, and America the English were contending with the French, and with only indifferent success. When the century had reached its sixth decade, however, a change for the better was wrought by the instrumentality which the genius of Pitt directed. There is no need to touch on the political exigency which made "the Great Commoner" the virtual head of the Government—though the Duke of Newcastle was so nominally.\* Sufficient that he was the man of the hour; or, as he himself said to the Duke of Devonshire, "my lord, I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can!" The boast was that of a patriot conscious of power rather than that of a vain egotist. Lavish of money, but a niggard in patronage, Pitt removed every incapable officer in the army and the navy, and in their places appointed men without regard to seniority or to political bias, some of them of humble rank, but who possessed ability, and were willing to apply it without slavish attachment to precedent. His wisdom was quickly vindicated at Goree, Guadaloupe, Ticonderoga, Niagara, and at Fort Louisbourg.

The condition of the colony of New France under Louis XV. expedited its transfer to Anglo-Saxon rule. The corruption, rapacity and luxury, of the official class was only equalled by the servility and degradation of the *habitants*. From Cape Breton, along the St. Lawrence and the great lakes to the valley of the Ohio, New France was one marked contrast to the prosperous colony of New England. On the one side tillers of the soil forced from their labours to military service; the scanty produce of the country purchased by Government contractors at a mere fractional price of its real value; and freedom crushed by an unsuitable application of the feudal system. On the other hand, a militia drawn with due regard to the requirements of the country; commercial equity observed between the Government and subjects; and a people withal who had been gently nurtured to a sense of independ-

\* Dr. Miles and Mr. Mc. Mullen, historians of Canada, both fall into the error of implying that Pitt was the first Lord of the Treasury.

ence, and political and religious freedom—freedom which they claimed to the fullest extent a few years afterwards.

The Governor of Canada, in 1759, the date of the siege, was the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the son of a former and a worthy governor, a man without the strength and character necessary to cope with the corruption by which he was surrounded; indeed, reared under the pernicious influence of the court at home, he was only too ready to aid, at least tacitly, the brilliant profligacy which reflected French royalty at the seat of Government in Montreal. But the central figure in the Government, and the man who most fully illustrated the evil in high places, was Francois Bigot, the thirtieth and last intendant of New France. This official, handsome, valorous, graceful in deportment, energetic, a lover of display, a gamester and unscrupulous, formed about him a court as vicious as if the beautiful Ninon herself had bestowed upon him the favour of her presence. The star which brightened Bigot's house at Quebec was Madame Pean, the wife of a subordinate. This woman, who held the intendant in bondage to herself, was young, vivacious, full of spirit, ladylike in demeanour, gay and amusing in conversation, and very beautiful. It was in her favour alone that employment or preferment could be found; and so capriciously did she exercise her power that neither ignorance nor mean birth and station were obstacles to her good-will. Servants, lackeys, and men of low degree consequently rose in the service of the State, and the famine-stricken people suffered still further under the rapacity and arbitrary rule of these creatures. Play was high at Government House in Montreal, but gambling was reckless at the intendant's court at Quebec. Of course Bigot trafficked in commercial monopolies—that was no more a novelty then than it is obsolete now. With an income by no means adequate to his high station nor commensurate with the expenditure in which his extravagance involved him, he rendered his name for ever execrable by his frauds, his extortions, and his tyranny. Sitting by the side of the beautiful Madame Pean, with from ten to forty gamblers at the

same hazard table, he would set off a loss of two hundred thousand francs by selling to his Government an English prize ship, which had cost him 800,000, for a couple of millions.

The intendant's palace, the ruins of which remain to this day, was an edifice remarkable for its great dimensions, its magnificence, and its ornamental grounds. A distinguished French writer, in speaking of it directs a sneer against Bigot in a happy play of words. Louis XIV., on the advice of his Intendant De Meulles, squandered vast sums for the erection of a stately palace where "*la justice française se rendait et plus tard, sous Bigot, elle se vendait.*"

It was no wonder that under this administration, of which Bigot was an illustration and ordinary representative, the people, oppressed by a feudal land tenure, dishonest public servants, and knavish trade monopolies, looked longingly towards the prosperous homesteads of New England ; towards those who were enjoying the success which had come from intelligent self-government, industry, and a love of justice as between man and man : no wonder either that national energy was paralyzed by the disease which fed on the heart of the country, as that disease was personified by the French officials and their ignoble favourites.

Amid the darkness of the time, Montcalm, the French commander-in-chief, shines as a man of nobility, courage, self-sacrifice, and fidelity.

In military matters previously to Pitt's becoming Secretary of State, the French had shown activity and foresight, the English indecision and delay. New York State was in jeopardy ; the English had been driven from the Ohio and the great lakes ; the British frontiers were beset by scalp-seeking savages in the employment of the French ; and the trade of the West found its outlet by the St. Lawrence instead of the Hudson. The recall of Lord Loudan, an incapable officer, was due as much to the discretion of the minister as to the indignant protest of the public ; and it would have been well if his junior, Abercromby, had been recalled at the same



time. A favourable turn of affairs in 1758 was indicated by the evacuation of Fort Duquesne, the present city of Pittsburg, on the approach of Forbes, with whom was George Washington, and the flight of the French commandant down the river to the friendly settlements of the Mississippi; and by the capture of Frontenac, the present city of Kingston, the most important fortress and harbour after Halifax and Quebec, by Bradstreet, an able and valourous officer of Abercromby's brigade.

The new appointments included Colonel Amherst, who was gazetted major-general and commander-in-chief of the American army, and Whitmore, Lawrence, and Wolfe as Brigadier-Generals. The last-named was but thirty-one years of age, though he had seen eighteen years' service, but he fully vindicated Pitt's confidence in his ability and bravery, and justified his appointment to a high and responsible command. With Admiral Boscawen he invested and stormed Fort Louisbourg,\* compelled the surrender thereof by De Drucour, and captured immense stores of provisions and ammunition, and eleven stand of colours. These latter were ultimately laid at the feet of the king at Kensington Palace, and then taken with great ceremony to St. Paul's Cathedral, "amid the roar of guns and kettledrums," wrote Lord Macaulay, "and the shouts of an immense multitude." The capture of Louisbourg closed Canada on the Atlantic seaboard; the occupation of Fort Duquesne gained the friendship of the West Country Indians, and interrupted the communication between Canada and Louisiana; and these two, combined with Bradstreet's victory at Frontenac, won for that British that territory the possession of which had been the original occasion of the war. The year 1759 was to see the crowning victory of all in the conquest of

\* Of the Duke of Newcastle's ignorance many anecdotes remain. "Oh, yes, yes, to be sure, Annapolis must be defended—troops must be sent to Annapolis. Pray where is Annapolis?" "Cape Breton an island! wonderful! show it me in the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear sir, you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island."—*Macaulay's Essays*.

the fortress of Quebec, and the consequent capture of Montreal and the subjugation of the entire province of Canada. The new year was dark and gloomy to the French. Neglected tillage and the sustenance of large armies had tried the country sorely, and gaunt and hollow-eyed famine stalked through the land. Horseflesh was eaten by the troops at Montreal and Quebec.

The unfavourable turn in the affairs of New France had come ; and a Council of War was convened at Montreal. Montcalm was appointed to the command at Quebec ; Bourlamaque was to go to Ticonderoga to prevent the advance of the British under Amherst by way of Lake Champlain ; and De la Corne was sent westward to prevent a descent from Frontenac, Oswego, or elsewhere by the St. Lawrence river.

On a night in June of that year there flared from Father Point—where now is an electric telegraph station which heralds the royal mail steamers—the beacon fire which, repeated from point to point and shore to shore of the great estuary, signalled to Quebec that the English fleet was in the offing. And if that telegraph could have been more explicit it might have added that on board the flag-ship was a youth terribly in earnest, one who was at once soldier and saint ; and America has afforded not a few instances of men who, adding to the qualities of obedience and aggression that of integrity towards God, have proved that, while bloodshed might be incidental to their progress, victory was certain.

The approach to Quebec, a port 700 miles from the sea, the ancient Indian village of Stadacona is perhaps one of the finest scenes in the world.

As the ship moves up the broad waters, the promontory on which the city stands is seen rising boldly against the horizon. On the crest are the citadel and upper town ; below is the lower town. The streets of the latter are narrow, some of them so much so that Monsieur Lemoine compares them to Alpine passes ; and many follow the line of the original Indian trails which wound to the upper town. The gabled roofs and spires are high-pitched, and these, covered with



tinned iron, glisten in the sunlight like burnished silver, or like "the eye of polished brass." Over the port bow on the south is the St. Lawrence river and Point Levi, the latter a depôt of the Grand Trunk Railway and the disembarkation stage of ocean steamers ; on the starboard, to the north of the city, is the river St. Charles ; and to the north of that again the pine-clad mainland, dotted by the white houses of the villages of Charlesbourg and Beauport, extending to the Montmorency river and the far-off highlands of the Saguenay. Opposite the mouth of the Montmorency is the island of Orleans, and from the deck, as the vessel passes through the North Channel, may be seen the magnificent falls of the Montmorency, where the immense volume of waters make a leap of 300 feet.

In June, 1759, as we have said, came to this grand theatre of war the fleet of his Britannic Majesty—fifty ships of the line, under Admirals Saunders, Holmes, and Durell. These were the transports of upwards of 9,000 soldiers and marines, commanded by Wolfe and his junior officers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray. For eleven weary weeks they lingered here, finally accomplishing their mission in a fight which lasted only fifteen minutes.

Under date of June 27th, one chronicler writes laconically,—

"27th.—Weighed with a fair wind, came to anchor opposite the Isle of Orleans, about three leagues from Quebec. The whole army landed. A violent gale of wind and rain, which did great damage to many of the transports ; they lost above ninety anchors and cables. A ranger killed and scalped, and a stake drove through his body. The whole army encampt."

Wolfe's head-quarters and the base of operations were fixed at the Island of Orleans, with Monckton's brigade on the south shore of the St. Lawrence at Point Levis, from which the French were first driven, and where batteries and redoubts were erected ; and with Townshend's on the north shore, east of the Montmorency river.

Quebec itself was deemed impregnable. The promontory with its crest then bristling with cannon, terminates abruptly and precipitously ; and thence the high ground extends for some miles westward above the valleys of the two rivers, away toward Sillery and Cape Rouge, the banks on either side being steep declivities. Immediately behind the city westward are the Plains of Abraham.

The point of defence, therefore, appeared not to be the city, but the strip of northern mainland from the St. Charles to the Montmorency ; and it was there that the French force was concentrated. The Governor, the Intendant, and Montcalm, the commander-in-chief, had their head-quarters at Beauport. Between the last and the others, his *confrères*, there was but little kindly sympathy.

Bougainville, one of the French generals, took up his quarters with 3,000 men at Cape Rouge to prevent an improbable attack in the rear of Quebec by a force landing under the almost unscalable declivities of the St. Lawrence shore ; and so improbable did he deem the contingency that he ultimately permitted that which he was sent there to frustrate.

Access to the channel of the St. Charles was rendered impossible by the formation of a boom across the inlet, guarded by cannon-mounted hulks. Above the boom was a bridge of boats for communication between the city and the French head-quarters.

As soon as the bombardment commenced from the men-of-war and the batteries at Point Levis the condition of the city became pitiable. The lower town, occupying the alluvial flats at the base of the promontory, and which then, as now, was crowded with houses, commercial, municipal, ecclesiastical, and domestic, suffered first ; and falling ruins and devastating fires were of hourly occurrence. Panet, in his journal of the siege, says that the lower town was nothing but a heap of smoking ruins, and by the 8th of August it was a brasier—a fierce conflagration. This date was fatal to the well-being of Quebec. Such of the people as could do so, especially women

and children, moved off to the more merciful woods, to live in huts and caves as best they might ; taking with them their cattle, and subsisting chiefly on flesh and milk, but without bread. And all the time, there across the water at Beauport the cards shuffled and the dice rattled, a kingdom for a stake.

The moving of the English squadron in those comparatively unknown waters and among the shallows to meet the exigencies of the siege, was a work of great difficulty ; and many "jolly tars," afterwards famous in history, there showed the mettle they were of. Such were young Jervis, the future Lord St. Vincent ; Robinson, the subsequent Edinburgh professor and the coadjutor of Watt the engineer ; Palliser, afterwards Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser ; and last, but not least, James Cook, the great circumnavigator. There is a simple record of a boat going to sound between the island and the mainland with a lieutenant on board, who sounded the narrow pass between the island and the enemy's encampment, and was cut off by forty or fifty Indians in birch-bark canoes, who carried off one sailor who was wounded. The lieutenant and the rest escaped. This lieutenant was James Cook, and he saved his life by just a boat's length, for as he went out of the bows to the friendly shelter of the English pickets, the Indians scrambled in at the stern. He was reserved for a great and useful career, and his tawny pursuers had to content themselves with a man-of-war's boat instead of a mariner's scalp. He it was too who placed buoys along the shallows to which reference is made hereafter.

The first attempted battle was "the fight of Beauport flats." Like his great rival, Wolfe deemed that the scene of the struggle for the capture of the city and the acquisition of Canada for the King of England would be on the northern shore where the French were encamped. The advantage of the French position was in its almost impregnability. It was fortified by batteries, entrenchments, and the rest ; in the rear it was open to the country for the supply of the Commissariat : it was edged by shallows which prevented the approach of

ships of heavy tonnage ; and the facilities for the disembarkation of troops from boats were few.

However, Wolfe judged there was no alternative, and decided to draw the enemy into aggressive as well as defensive action if possible. Near the mouth of the Montmorency river, the boundary between the French army and Townshend's Brigade, the water was shallow, and fordable at low tide. Cannon were placed on the English side, low down by the shore, and on an eminence which commanded the outlet. The first object of attack on the French side was a rival battery.

On the last day of July, when the sun was near the zenith, the *Centurion*, a fine man-of-war of sixty guns, moved slowly from her division, anchored over against the Beauport flats, and began the cannonade of the French encampment; adding the report of her fire to the boom of the guns which came over the water from Point Levis. Two small vessels, also armed, ran into the shallows, and as the tide receded became stranded. Then a thousand boats and barges plied as fast as strong arms could row ; and, amid the din and smoke and roar of the bombardment, dropped the troops in the shallows to wade to shore in battalions over the rough and rocky beach. The Grenadiers and the 60th Royal Americans were the first to land, and they should have formed in columns, and have waited for the main body, then preparing to cross the ford, to follow and support them ; but the blood of the veterans and the young bush fighters was up, and the French having vacated their battery and retired behind the entrenchments, these foremost men, not even waiting to form, rushed madly and in confusion forward to within range of the enemy. With what result can easily be imagined. Men and officers fell before the scathing fire ; while some, scrambling over the dead and dying, beat a retreat to the landing-place, where Monckton's division was drawn up in admirable order, waiting the word of command to march. Wolfe ordered the impetuous and unruly remnant of the attack to retire to the rear and form in columns, as they should have done at first ; but the mischief was complete, and the design of an open battle had to be



abandoned. The gathering darkness, the rising tide, the surge angrily beating on the rocky shore, the breaking storm-clouds, all warned the troops away. And so the lumbering *Centurion* returned to her division, the stranded vessels were blown up, and the troops retired to the darkness of their camps and to the gloom of conscious failure. An historian who was present before Quebec gives a corresponding account of the engagement.

"*July 31st.*—About twelve o'clock the *Centurion*, a 60-gun ship, came down at high water with two transports, which last were laid ashore opposite the enemies' batteries. A cannonading began from our encampment at Montmorency on the enemies' lines, and from the shipping on their batteries; the Grenadiers of the army, with two battalions of Monckton's brigade, and a detachment of 200 men of the 2nd battalion of Royal Americans, were ranged in boats ready to push ashore at low water. The five regiments here were under arms. The enemies' fire from their batteries on the beach did considerable damage to the boats; they wounded several officers, and killed and wounded a good many men. About five o'clock the Grenadiers landed, and the troops followed; we marched across the Falls, viz., Townshend's brigade, Otway's, Anstruther's regiments with the Light Infantry, who first had reconnoitred the ford and found no enemy there. On our march a heavy clap of thunder brought on a violent shower of rain with a high wind directly in our faces, which retarded the part of the army from this place for about a quarter of an hour; when all cleared up, it appeared the Grenadiers marched before the rain and took possession of a battery and a redoubt on the beach; but the heavy fire from the entrenchments on the top of the hill obliged them to retire. The rain had made it impossible to mount the hill, or rather precipice, in the face of their lines, on which the General ordered a retreat. The enemy cannonaded us in our retreat, but with little damage. The two armed transports were set on fire. We lost in the whole action about thirty officers, one only of whom killed on the spot, and 400 men killed and wounded. The impetuosity of the Grenadiers and their not waiting for orders, it seems, in the opinion of the General, occasioned our repulse."

There was much in the misadventure of "the fight of Beau-

port flats " to damp the ardour of the most sanguine nature : and to that was now added the illness of the man in whom the confidence of the army was centred, that of General Wolfe. There in his tent on the Island of Orleans he lay battling with fever ; and though may be anxious thoughts of the old home and the dear ones there, and a presentiment of that purer home to which he would attain, albeit by a blood-stained field, would obtrude themselves, his active brain was planning a change of the order of attack. While yet too feeble to join their debate, he assembled his officers to consider the situation, and to advise with them on the future course of action. Without faltering—to their honour be it spoken—he and they faced the seemingly impossible, and with what crowning result we shall discover.

As we have said, Bougainville was quartered at Cape Rouge : and at Sillery he had planted a four-gun battery in anticipation of that remote contingency which had framed itself as an immediate probability in the minds of the officers in conference on the Island of Orleans. Immediately after the conference a great activity marked the operations of the English. Under cover of the darkness of night, Admiral Holmes with General Murray and 1,200 men moved up the St. Lawrence, menacing the ammunition and provision stores at Point aux Trembles. While here they were met by the cheering news derived from some prisoners whom they took, with a great number of cattle, that Niagara had fallen, and that Amherst, having captured Crown Point, had moved down on Bourlemagne at Isle aux Noix, and might be expected to effect a junction with the army before Quebec. This last was accompanied by the information that two of Amherst's officers and four Indians had been intercepted, and were prisoners on board a frigate up the river. The news flew from ship to ship and tent to tent ; and the continuous cannonade from Point Levis sounded, in the ears of the now hopeful soldiery, like a minute gun over the fall of the ancient fortress before them.

On a day of that eventful year there came to England two despatches, under date of September 2 and September 20,



from Wolfe and Townshend respectively, the one speaking of what might be, the other of what had been ; the latter conveying to an anxious public the at once sad and joyful intelligence that he who had planned wisely had accomplished successfully, but in accomplishing had died. A day of glorious memory ! of sadness for the loss of the great and good James Wolfe—of triumph over the acquisition of the future Dominion of Canada.

On the night of September 12th Montcalm was at Beauport. Shots were heard far up the St. Lawrence, beyond Quebec, away towards Sillery ; but these troubled not the gallant Frenchman, for an expected convoy of provisions from Cape Rouge would account for them : but that which did trouble the watches of that night was something gentler than cannon or musket shot—the gurgling of water against the gunwales of boats, the grating in the rowlocks, and the ceaseless splashing of oars. And anon there loomed in the dim light the magnified forms of frigates and sloops of war taking up their line beyond the shallows, as if to cover the disembarkation of troops as soon as the sun gilded the horizon ; and all through that night boats and barges innumerable, freighted with sailors and marines, stole from Point Levis and from the Island of Orleans to the shallows by Beauport. All predicted a bloody day, but not there, Montcalm ! not a second disaster at the same unlucky spot !

As the sun trellised with gold the pines beyond the Saguenay, and tipped with dazzling brightness the curved crest of the Montmorency Falls, a horseman might have been seen at full gallop along the road from Beauport to Quebec, the rider flushed and excited, the horse covered with foam, bleeding from spur wounds, and his mettle tested to the utmost, for on endurance of rider and of steed peradventure hung the issue of a battle and the government of a king. On they flew, the horse warming to his work, and answering his master's knee rather than the bit, over the bridge of boats, through the city, out into the country, along the St. Foix road, still at a breakneck pace, with despatches to Cape Rouge.

And along that same Beauport road from the French trenches there followed other riders, striving as it would seem to overtake and outride that former one ; but these were gayer in their attire, accoutrements, and trappings, and the serious cast of their faces bespoke a heavier responsibility than that of aides-de-camp or orderlies. The first of the group was Montcalm, and with him was his staff. They, too, passed over the bridge of boats through the city, and as they reached the plains the sun rose higher to mark a blood-red day in the annals of British America.

The English general's ruse to gain time had succeeded, and the deception of his worthy rival—and he, too, as watchful as the son of Arestor, "the all-seeing"—was complete ; and as the boats, filled with sailors and marines, thronged the Beauport shallows in the early morning, waiting apparently for break of day and the receding tide to again attempt the French entrenchments, men-of-war were taking up their positions near Sillery, and barges filled with soldiers were crowding the St. Lawrence to the point on which Wolfe had determined for a landing-place, a cove to which he bequeathed his name. In the deep darkness immediately preceding the dawn, Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray, with about 1,600 men, landed and scrambled as best they could, and as quickly as the dislodged loose earth and stones would permit, up the steep declivity. The hill was almost perpendicular, and the attempt was therefore unsuspected by the French, who had there posted a captain's guard only. When the alarm was given, the enemy fired from the hill and bushes on the boats, doing some damage. Bougainville and his 3,000 men were probably lost in slumber, dreaming least of all of that silent body of men marching up to his four-gun battery at Sillery. This was captured and occupied by a small detachment ; a six-pounder was dragged by sheer strength and with difficulty from the place of disembarkation ; some of the aforetime impetuous 60th Royal Americans were left in charge of the cove ; and by about eight o'clock on the morning of September the 13th nearly 5,000 British troops

occupied a safe position on the high ground, and formed in ranks ready for the word of command. "Then," as one of the chroniclers simply says, "we faced to the right, and marched by files towards the town till we came to the plains of Abraham."

Eastward of the plains lay the city of Quebec and the French army—a mixed crowd, but over 7,000 strong; to the north, the St. Charles' river and a fringe of bush; to the south, the St. Lawrence, with its steep declivities; and to the west, the British army drawn up in line—Murray in the centre, and Townshend and Monckton to his left and right respectively. The line of Montcalm's troops formed an obtuse angle, with their rear towards the city and the St. Charles. The bush on the north covered Indian and Canadian sharpshooters; and to protect his left flank from these Townshend wheeled three battalions to face the north, and occupied a few houses standing there, which afforded good cover. Across the field of battle were two main thoroughfares—the St. Foix and the St. Louis roads.

The battle began with a slight repulse to the English. The light infantry deploying across the plains were met by French skirmishers and Indians, advancing among bushes and little hillocks, and driven back on their supports, causing temporary confusion in the front line. The preliminary desultory fire and skirmishing proceeding between the two armies to the advantage of the French, Montcalm drew troops from his right and centre to strengthen the left wing, that overlooking the St. Lawrence, for it was on his left wing, and by attacking the British right, that he depended for success. Amid the smoke which now beclouded the field, and the excitement consequent on the first repulse, Wolfe walked along the disorderly front line, his wrist bandaged with a handkerchief to stanch a bleeding wound, uttering words of encouragement, assurance, and command. The effect of the presence and words of their idol was electrical, and the red-coats fell into the ranks and shouldered their muskets as if on parade or at a birthday review, and as if the smoke were from blank

cartridges. There they stood, while onward came the French steadily and quickly, and firing as they came. It was a terrible moment, and a severe test of courage, discipline, endurance and pluck ; but not a musket was raised, not a man moved to the "present," until the enemy, still pressing their serried ranks forward, came within forty paces ; when, as the word of command ran along the line, the sure, certain, and deadly fire broke. Then the previously immobile and compact British columns moved forward, Wolfe at the head of the Grenadiers and the 28th regiment, the same corps whose grim veterans and laughing youths, as they appeared at Quatre Bras, has been immortalized by Miss Thompson in her last Royal Academy picture. The French left wing, the strength of the army, faltered, broke, and then fled towards the city. Montcalm behaved splendidly in seeking to rally the retreating host, but without avail. Onward came those terrible columns, with their general still in the front, but faltering now, for he carried a bullet which had inflicted a mortal wound. The French centre wing stood, but only to cover the retreat of either wing, and so secure the retreat of the whole army. The right wing rushed to the St. Charles' river, and to the St. John's Gate leading to the city ; and at this latter there was a conflict for the passage between these and fugitives from the left. The centre held together as long as might be, but nearer and nearer came that scarlet line—Grenadiers, the 28th, and the rest,—but not that one whose genius and whose prowess had effected the victory. Struck by a third ball, and this time in the breast, his face towards Quebec, he fell ; and strong arms, as gentle as woman's, lifted the hero and carried him to the spot where now a monument rises to his glorious memory—a column as radiant in its record of patriotism as ever graced an English-won battle-field. The fight was yet at its hottest as they bore him thence, and the ominous words of flight reached his ear. As they laid him down they told him it was the French who fled. "What, already?" said he ; "now God be praised, I shall die in peace;" and he died as only a hero can.



Almost his last words, like those of the noble General Brock, who fell in like manner half a century afterwards on the bloody heights of Queenston, within sound of Niagara's falls,—almost his last words were a command, namely, for Colonel Burton to cut off the retreat at the bridge of boats. Montcalm, too, was wounded, but held bravely on, as if, in his own despairing phrase, he would fain be buried amid the ruins of the colony he had defended so well; and by the force of his example and the firmness of his deportment he sought, too vainly, to arrest the retreat so ignominiously begun. The advance of the British, however, now at a quicker pace and with redoubled fire, could not be checked; and as the "red-coats" prepared for the charge with sword and bayonet, a panic seized the enemy; the attempt at a second formation of the broken centre wing, failed; a brief stand at St. John's Gate, and then the whole army beat a precipitate retreat to the St. Charles and to the city. The British captured one field piece, and with this and the six-pounder they had brought with them they hailed grapeshot on the disorderly and running crowd.

As the French retreated, Bougainville, with his 3,000 men, advanced from the west—advanced only to again retire to beyond Cape Rouge. And as the day closed Townshend gathered the troops together on the plains, and gave them the first intimation that their general was dead.

Montcalm died the following morning at the General Hospital, which building was taken possession of by Townshend just at the hour of the decease, and the respect paid to the remains of a gallant foe was characteristic of the soldiers, whose earliest employment after the victory of the plains was to minister to the necessities of the starving people of the city.

Monckton was severely wounded, and the command devolved on Townshend and Murray; and these hastened to secure the victory gained, and to prepare for the next step. This was an easier one than they had anticipated. There has since been much talk of what the French Governor, Bougainville, and the rest, might have done in re-organizing the army and

saving Canada ; but this remains, that M. de Ramezay, the officer in charge at Beauport, deemed the situation hopeless.

On the 17th of the month, therefore, an officer presented himself at the English head-quarters, bearing a flag of truce ; and on the 18th the Articles of Capitulation were signed by Admiral Saunders, Townshend, and Ramezay.

The day after the battle the following address was issued by General Townshend to the army :—

*"Camp before Quebec, Friday, 14th Sept.*—The Genl. officers remaining fit to act take ye earliest opportunity to express ye praise which is due to the conduct and bravery of ye troops ; and ye victory which attended it sufficiently proves ye superiority which this army has over any number of such troops as they engag'd yesterday. They wish the person who lately command'd them had survived so glorious a day, and had this day been able to give the troops their just encomium. The fatigues which the troops will be oblig'd to undergo to reap the advantage of this victory will be supported with a true spirit, as this seems to be the period which will determine in all probability our American labours.

"The troops are to receive a gill of rum per day, and will receive fresh provisions the day after to-morrow.

"The regts. and corps to give in returns of ye killed and wounded yesterday and ye strength of their corps. The pioneers of the different regts. to bury ye dead ; the corps are to send all their tools not immedi'y in use to the Artillery park. All French papers or letters found are desir'd to be sent to headquarters. No soldier to presume to strole beyond the outposts. Arms that cannot be drawn are to be fired into the swamp near headquarters. The Admiral has promised ye continuance of all ye assistance which ye Naval service can spare to ease ye troops of ye fatigues which ye further operations will require of us. Genl. Townshend has ye satisfaction to acquaint the troops yt Genl. Monckton's wound is not dangerous."

The closing scene in this stirring drama was occupied by two men-of-war. The one, a frigate, we see drifting before a storm along the coast of New Brunswick, and under stress of weather finding shelter in the hitherto unknown river, the Miramichi, an Indian name which, being interpreted, means



"The Happy Retreat,"—a type of rest after life's fitful dream  
On board that frigate lay all that was mortal of James Wolfe.

The other royal ship slowly and, as it were, sadly passed down the great river amid drifting ice, and vanished in the dim distance towards Anticosti. On board of her was a king's messenger with despatches to Versailles, to announce that the last die was cast—the last trick turned, that political corruption and court favouritism had wrought their inevitable results, and that the French *régime* was for ever ended on the shores of the St. Lawrence. those shores which had been so proudly won by the great Jacques Cartier long years before, and held by him in the name of Christ for his Catholic Majesty the King of France.

At either end of the north transept of Westminster Abbey are reared two lofty monuments—fit tributes to the memory of General Wolfe, and Pitt, Earl of Chatham. But at either extremity of an aforesaid British colony stand nobler records of noble deeds—Quebec, the key of the East ; Pittsburg, the portal of the West. The conquest of New France was followed by results in the history of civilization with which no chimerical dream of prophet or of statesman can compare. Renewed interest in the soil, a sense of security in property, the rapid development of the country's vast resources, and conditions which made labour sweet, all tended to the creation of that Greater Britain of to-day—a creation which, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Georgian Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, far exceeds the wildest prevision of the great French discoverer, as he wintered there hard by the Indian village of Stadacona, under the cold, bright blue sky of day, and the rosy aurora radiance of night. If to the hardihood of the discoverer and the prowess of a soldier be added the gift of the seer, that giant hill,—

"The landmark to the double tide  
That purpling rolls on either side,  
As if their waters chafed to meet,  
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet."

that hill must have been to him, as it must have been to the later soldier who died there, less a fortress than a symbol: a type of the future invincible, the all-absorbing and boundlessly wealthy empire; the empire of an English-speaking people, whose king—whatever their local form of government—should be the creation of the voice of the people, and whose people's voice should be, in its truth and majesty, the voice of God.

The following lines on the death of General Wolfe appeared in 1760, and are noteworthy less as a meritorious tribute to a great man's memory than as indicating the popular ignorance of the time in all extra-insular matters. No mention is made of the grand scene of his death, nor of the dramatic events incidental thereto; and their insertion here can therefore be excused only on the ground of their reflection of the general esteem and prevailing admiration felt by the people of England immediately sequential on the event.

“ Amidst these loud acclaims which rend the sky,  
What means the startling tear—the deep-felt sigh?  
Wolfe is no more—a name by all approv'd,  
By princes favour'd, by the people lov'd.

Was it for this he left his native land,  
A savage race to seek, and barb'rous strand?  
Eager his sov'reign's orders to obey,  
For this, with speed, to cut the liquid way?  
Coolly, for this, unnumber'd dangers dar'd,  
And the same toil, the chief, the soldier shar'd.  
For this, judicious form'd the glorious plan,  
Which prov'd the hero, prov'd, too plain, the man.  
Alas! too plain: in yon remorseless grave  
There view the wise, the generous, and the brave!

No more the trumpet's kindling sound shall warm  
That breast to war!—no more the battle charm!  
The soldier, fir'd by him, shall catch no more  
The glorious flame. Alas! his race is o'er.  
Yet for a moment hold the closing tomb!  
Think, for his country pleas'd to meet his doom;

For her, the foes superior force withstood,  
And dy'd the soil he conquer'd with his blood.

But how shall Britain her regard express?—  
How charm the mother's grief, the fair's distress?  
Bootless alas! it nought avails to tell,  
In life though early, ripe in fame he fell:  
No charm the fair's, the mother's grief can heal!  
Their cure alone from time's slow hand must steal.

For thee, brave man! mix'd with the private woe,  
In grateful streams a country's tears shall flow;  
Proud to applaud unsullied worth like thine,  
Each feeling heart, each generous muse, shall join.  
To thee shall rise the monumental pile:  
(Sacred thy name while lasts Britannia's isle,)  
To children yet unborn their sires shall tell  
How greatly Wolfe design'd—how bravely fell.  
*In peace he died*, and glorious shall he rise  
(For surely worth like his must gain the skies!);  
Laurels unfading here shall grace his tomb,  
Immortal bliss await in worlds to come."











